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PATIENTS AND PATIENCE.

WHY, COUSIN CHARLEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I SUPPOSE I MUST CALL YOU DOCTOR, NOW, AND HOW ARE THE PATIENTS, BY THE WAY?

I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY ARE BY THE WAY. I KNOW NONE OF THEM EVER GET AS FAR AS MY OFFICE.

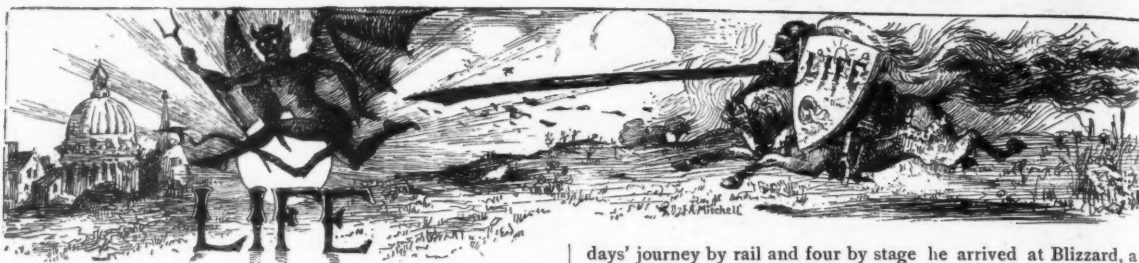
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Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

MR. HAYES is writing a book on the campaign of 1876, and devout Ohio persons are praying for cholera.

I RECENTLY stood a visit and an interview from a Chicago man. This shows I am not very far gone, does n't it?—S. J. T.

"SIXTEEN years with Madame PATTI," is the title of a book soon to be published by "PATTI's husband." Another author veiling himself in impenetrable darkness for the sake of exciting public attention.

"ALKALAY vs. Alkalay," is the title of a very exciting divorce case now pending. Considering the progress chemistry has made, it seems strange to find so much caustic in trouble when just a little acid would neutralize it.

"HE will not come, though I should cry to him," said Miss MINNIE BALLARD, in the columns of our esteemed contemporary the *Graphic*. Of course he won't, MINNIE. Why should he? Still, perhaps you have already tried singing to him.

THE following extract, from an interview with a Princeton student in the columns of our esteemed contemporary the *Sun*, reflects great credit upon that same body:

"Charley," said an athletic young man on rowing weights, "your letter busts us. It's bad 'cause some of the boys will think you were cajoled by Billy Sloane. It knocks the middle leg out of our table, and puts ridicule upon us. Most of the things we're kickin' against are alive, but when we look for real evidence the faculty get us on the hip."

THE Rev. Mr. JEREMIAH S. COLLINS, was for a long time a permanent resident of Sandusky, Ohio. One year ago he became possessed of the idea that he had a call to Texas, where he could cheerfully combine soul-saving with the culture of cattle on that blooming section of the boundless West known as the Pecos.

The Rev. Mr. COLLINS started for Texas with a trunk full of bibles, a heart full of hope and a bootleg full of pistols, whose maker believed in a light and frolicsome snapper. After seven

days' journey by rail and four by stage he arrived at Blizzard, a small settlement situated where the Pecos ran swiftest, the cattle were wildest, the whiskey cheapest and most effective, and the moral character of the cowboy most thoroughly Texan. On the night of Mr. COLLINS' arrival, the hotel was enlivened by a game of draw-poker wherein one gentleman held four aces, the other a revolver, and the coroner an inquest. An hour later, after refreshing itself with an abundant flow of that frontier beverage in whose distillment the tarantula is supposed to play a prominent part, the multitude swarmed out to amuse itself with a moonlight lynching. The following day was Sunday, and Mr. COLLINS undertook to get in some fine evangelical work. The dining room of the hotel was put at his disposal, and a large and enthusiastic but somewhat restless congregation assembled. Mr. COLLINS intoned a hymn. The congregation listened. He gave out a text. The coroner nudged the marshal, and the coroner winked at the mayor.

Mr. COLLINS faltered. There was a double barreled shot-gun at the end of the room, and the Rev. gentleman fancied he could hear the buckshot whispering together and discussing the relative tenderness of his vital organs. He bethought him of the Decalogue. The first two commandments were listened to in silence. Then arose Judge BERRY, who had one eye and a private graveyard. "Mis—ter COLLINS," said he, slowly and impressively, "no personal reflections, *if* you please." Again Mr. COLLINS faltered. He gave out another hymn and sang it himself. The coroner approached on tiptoe and whispered in his ear.

"But I'm a Minister of the Gospel," said Mr. COLLINS. "Where's the lay-out?" asked the coroner again. "I do not comprehend you," said Mr. COLLINS. "Faro—rooge et nore—bunco—chuck-a-luck—what is it?" asked the coroner.

"My friend, I—we—there is some mistake," said Mr. COLLINS. "P'raps it's policy," said the coroner. "What policy?" asked Mr. COLLINS. The coroner looked puzzled. "What is it, then?" he asked. "What d'ye do, anyway?"

"I pray—preach—teach the Gospel," meekly replied Mr. COLLINS.

"How much are the chips?" queried the coroner, feeling in his hip pocket.

"I fail to see what you mean?" said Mr. COLLINS, in desperation.

The coroner shook his head and walked slowly down the aisle. One by one the boys filed out after him. There was a long consultation, with closed doors, in the saloon. Then a boy brought Mr. COLLINS the following note:—

"DEER SIR—The Kummittee uv publik morils hez dropped on your little game. Thar is a good trail over the hill and a good larryut in the hands uv the Kummittee. Awl flesh are grass."

Mr. COLLINS has returned to Sandusky.



PORK AND PAINTING.

Aspiring Artist: I MUST SAY IT IS VERY INCONSIDERATE OF YOUR FATHER. (*Sarcastically*) I SUPPOSE IF I WERE A PORK-PACKER LIKE HIMSELF HE WOULD NOT OBJECT TO OUR MARRIAGE.

Dutiful Daughter: VERY LIKELY NOT. HE SAYS HE PREFERS GOOD PORK TO BAD PICTURES.

A BAS LE MASQUE!

RONDEAU.

A BAS le masque! O, tell me why
Your charms are hidden from the eye!
I guess the charms you will not show—
I see but two, yet still I know
That those I see still more imply.

Those saintly fingers cannot lie;
Your form gives promise—bye-and-bye—
Of loveliness; if that be so
A bas le masque!

The time to doff disguise is nigh;
Let us advance it, you and I.
The crowd goes heedless to and fro;
The boon of just one peep bestow!
Consent is meant by no reply—
A bas le masque!

ARISTOPHANES.

THE REPORTER IN CHURCH.

(*A Soliloquy, Saturday, March —, 188—*).

“CONFOUND my luck! Have just received orders from headquarters to take in Church of the Holy Holocaust to-morrow and report Rev. Luther Hardshell’s heresies. This knocks all my plans. Had intended writing up next week’s double hanging to-morrow morn’g. Sermons! Bah! Why they never give more than a quarter of a column to a sermon, while that hanging will require at least three columns. At eight dollars a column that’s just \$22 dead loss! ———!!!”

(*A Transcript from the Reporter’s Notes*).

“CHURCH of the Holy Holocaust—deuce of a name! Big congregation. Rev. Luther on deck. * * * Looks mad as * * * Nervous old maid in pew with me. Passed me hymn-book. * * * Text: Did n’t quite catch. Something like ‘Look before you leap.’ Guess it’s somewhere in Proverbs. * * * Bald-headed man in front objects to my breathing on his head. * * * Rev. Luther says something about jaw-bone of an ass. Could n’t make out in what connection. Probably that old Balaam story resurrected. Ah, I have it! Luther says Balaam never slew that gang with the

jaw-bone. Look up authorities! *Rank Heresy!* Can make a column on this. Did n't hear the last sentence Luther uttered. Think he said 'Moses did n't write the book of Proverbs!' Audacious assertion. Query: is it consistent with Rev L. Hardshell, D. D.'s ordination vows to say that about Moses? Print this in double lead! * * * * Sleepy."

Here there are evidences that the reporter temporarily dropped his pencil and fell asleep. He waked in time to hear the words, "is not inspired of God." These words are taken in short hand and are followed by: "Did not catch what is not inspired, but they say Rev. L. H., D. D., is a heretic and he must mean the Bible. We'll just boom him out the middle aisle tomorrow."

(What the Concluding Words of the Sermon Really Were.)

"AND no man can stand in a Christian pulpit to-day and say the Holy Bible is not inspired of God!"

(From the New York Busybody.)

HERESY.

THE REV. LUTHER HARDSHELL, D. D., SAYS:

THE BIBLE IS NOT INSPIRED OF GOD.

He casts doubt also upon the story of Balaam,
And denies also that Moses Wrote Holy Scripture.

[Special to the Busybody.]

etc.

(The Consequences.)

"THE Rev. L. Hardshell is insane."—N. Y. Gazette.

"The Rev. Luther Hardshell should be expelled from the Church."—N. Y. Sensationalist.

"The Rev. Luther Hardshell is reported to be sick at home, but this is only another phase of his hypocrisy. It was told us in confidence a few days since that his parishioners had requested his resignation."—The N. Y. Lyre.

"I deny that I have made any such statements in public as those imputed to me by a journal of this city."—Rev. Dr. Hardshell.

"A question of veracity has arisen between a reporter of our journal and Dr. Hardshell, the heretic. We leave the public to judge which is worthy of belief."—N. Y. Busybody.

The public, knowing that the Rev. Dr. Hardshell is naught but a minister of the Gospel, while his opponent is a disciple of truth on a New York newspaper, unanimously decide that

Dr. Hardshell must Go!

J. K. BANGS.

ONE advantage of electric railways will be that we shall have good conductors.

For the small boy—It never pains but he roars.

BENEFIT OF CRITTENDEN

VERSUS

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

BLESSED be that devoted Kentucky jury which has spoken the word the world so long waited for, and has told us what we shall call it, the—er—removing to a happier sphere of a black human being by a white human being. Of course we all know it could in no case be murder.

A white man CANNOT, no matter how hard he tries

(and he tries pretty hard sometimes), murder a black man south of Mason and Dixon's line. What does he do then? This heroic band of twelve, after an hour's deliberation, arrive at this great conclusion: The crime (*sic*) is VOLUNTARY MANSLAUGHTER! They work no pretext of accident or humbug about self-defense; they confess that the prisoner did it on purpose; nevertheless it is not murder. Delightful and delicate distinction!

The report of this remarkable trial says, "The prisoner's family connection made it impossible to convict him of murder"—solacing thought to those who long for an aristocracy! It appears that we have one in the matter of crime. Even as a King can do no wrong, so a Crittenden can do no murder. In old times, if a man who could read or write committed a crime, he could plead benefit of clergy in extenuation, and his sentence was thereby mitigated. Benefit of Clergy has long been obsolete, but now we have "Benefit of Crittenden," by which, if a man can but plead that he belongs to a "fast family," he need never fear hanging. How charming the logic of this must be, to the lower classes!

A man of wealth, good birth, and education, commits a crime. A poor and ignorant man, who has lived always in an atmosphere of vice and struggle and hardship, does likewise. Thoughtless people might blame the educated man more than the other, but what a superficial view they must take of the matter! It is clearly impossible that a man so well brought up could mean to do wrong. We all know how virtuous money or power make a man or a family. Clearly the "Benefit of Crittenden" is an excellent thing, only let us have all these doctrines plainly stated on our statute-books, or better still, in the Constitution. As thus: Murder, the voluntary killing of a white man (other than a Republican or a horse-thief). Voluntary manslaughter the same crime, when the man-slayer is white and the slain is black.



CALCIMINE FOR WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

WASHINGTON Society has been much satirized by novelists, amateurs and professionals, of late, and its back fence has been plentifully bespattered with mud of many shades. The white-washing process has now begun; "Her Washington Season," by Jeanie Gould Lincoln, is a pail of exceedingly thin and colorless calcimine. Though spread on bountifully with a wide brush, we fear that the disfigurements on Washington palings, for which the authors of "Democracy," "Through one Administration," and "A Washington Winter" are responsible, will still shine through to the regret of loyal Americans and the delight of Anglomaniacs. This novel is devoid of plot, incident or crisp dialogue. Its form—epistles to and from the various characters—is the surest and best

PARIS is nothing if not sensational. M. Meissonier paints Mrs. Mackay's portrait; \$65,000—a bagatelle. Lady does n't like picture; cremates it. Tableau; red fire. Grand chorus of Mahlsticks. *Gaulois* man pitches in; calls Meissonier a dodo. Great painter objects to dodo; wants to fight, but too old. *Gaulois* man ready to fight all the family. Agony of Meissonier. Fine old Roman father: Sacrifice my cheeild! Never! I apologize. Shake. Music. Grand *pas de deux*, Meissonier, and *Gaulois* man. *Ballet d'action* (whatever that is), Mahlsticks and Fabers. Calci-ums. Tableau all round. At back Mrs. Mackay sits upon the ashes and glares. Curtain.

OUR friend Mrs. Malaprop hopes Lord Tennyson D'Eyncourt won't make his maiden speech in the House of Lords and Commons in examiner verse, unless he has plenty of dactyls and spondulics on hand

BREECHES of promise—"Trousers in six hours."

FAST and loose—The man about town.

Is the caterpillar the *propagator* of the butterfly?



Charles Montague de Poorville: WILL YOU TELL YOUR SISTER I AM HERE?

Maud: WELL, I'D LIKE TO OBLIGE YOU, ONLY SHE'S IN THE BACK PARLOR WITH MR. BATCHELOR CRÆSUS, AND MAMA SAYS IF I INTERRUPT THEM I MUST GO TO BED WITHOUT MY SUPPER.

mould is which to cast dull narrative. Aldrich once made a great success of a story written in the form of letters—but mediocre talent should beware of it. It must be admitted, however, that the letters of *Miss Dolly Oglethorpe* in this novel are bright and entertaining, though frothy reading. She and her friends move in the Emyrean of Washington society, and through their eyes no glimpse is caught of vulgar lobbyists, Bonanza Senators or Texas Congressmen. The only plebeian introduced to us is redeemed from her station by marrying a Count, of the Austrian Legation. Perhaps the optimism of this novel is one of the indirect effects of Civil Service Reform.

THE latest Leisure-Hour novel is "Called Back," by Hugh Conway. The titles of the chapters would make a Chicago head-line editor green with envy. Can the melodramatic West equal these?—"Drunk on Dreaming;" "A Black Lie;" "A Hell Upon Earth;" "A Terrible Confession"? If it can, we will

read the novel as a penalty for our lack of faith in Chicago talent.

AS a model of the head-line art, we would refer Mr. Conway and our Western friends to an exciting volume just published, called "A Manual of Revivals: Practical Hints and Suggestions from Histories of Revivals and Biographies of Revivalists." Among the gems of this collection are the following: "The Management of Disturbers and Rioters;" "The Intrusions of the Feeble-Minded and the Insane;" "Some of the Evils Incident to True Revivals;" "Shall we join the Reapers or not?" These themes are now under careful consideration by LIFE's depraved Scientific Editor, the cruel inventor of the "Cat-Battery."

JOAQUIN MILLER is about to issue a novel on the manifold plan, which will be published simultaneously by a number of papers under the title "Sealed unto Him." It deals with Mormon Life.

The Poet of the Sierras has recently been one of the picturesque features of Washington Society. Perhaps he may be induced to engage in the Spring white-washing also. Mr. Henry T. Finck, the musical critic of the *Evening Post*, has prepared with great care a "Wagner Hand-Book," designed especially for the pleasure and instruction of those who expect to attend the coming Wagner Concerts in this and other cities. It contains biographical and critical notices of the leading artists who will take part in these concerts, with analytical programmes, critical reviews and rhapsodies on Wagner. "There is but one Wagner and Finck is his prophet." The Appletons have published a beautiful edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield," with an introduction by Austin Dobson, in their neat and rich Parchment Library. "Hans Breitmann's Ballads" have at last been collected in one volume, and adorned with full gilt edges and stamped sides.

DROCH.

CLORINDA.

WHEN Lent to revels put the check,
Clorinda sought religious rest ;
Yawned just a trifle, and confessed :
" I 'm nearly, dear, a total wreck."

But now, to windward of flirtation,
She skims away from dangerous ground,
And, thro' the Graces, thus has found
Relief from total recreation.

H. L. D.



BARON TENNYSON'S ROBES STOLEN.

LONDON, March 12.—Baron Tennyson took his seat in the House of Lords last evening. He was compelled to borrow robes of Lord Coleridge, his own having been recently stolen.—*Tribune*.

THE real age of a politician, is patronage.

HOME, Sweet Home.—A refuge for regrets.

MYSTIC MEANDERINGS.

BY HER ROYAL NIBS.

JAN. 1st.—This is the first day of the year and Beatrice reminds me it is New Year's Day. What a beautiful coincidence! We had cream toast and muffins for breakfast and I had two helps to each. Brown said he was delighted to see my old appetite for muffins returning.

Jan. 2nd.—It is snowing. Brown said that the snow was beautiful. It is. Beatrice says that some poet once expressed the same opinion. I will ask Mr. Tennyson about it. Brown came up at two o'clock to announce Mr. Gladstone, who wanted to see me about some horrid affair in Egypt or somewhere. Sent down word I was out. Am very busy knitting a pair of ear muffs for the Duke of Connaught and have n't time to bother about Egypt. Brown says that Egypt is old enough to take care of itself.

* * *

March 8th.—Brown has a cold. I made him four mustard plasters, which were applied by the Royal College of Surgeons. He is better. I ordered Dean Stanley to sing a Te Deum. He sent back word that, personally, he would prefer to whistle it. Wanted Mr. Tennyson likewise to change Locksley Hall so as to bring Brown in. He replied that he would be delighted to, but the only rhymes he could find for Brown were syntax, delirium and meningitis, and he did n't think any of these would do.

* * *

March 20th.—Brown says it is raining. Mr. Gladstone called. I was not at home. I do wish Albert Edward would n't worry me so with free tickets to American theatricals. It is frugal, but the boy will drive me wild yet. Brown says, however, that he will outgrow all these freaks. I trust Brown is right.

March 21st.—Brown got wet to-day, standing out in the rain telling Mr. Gladstone that I could n't see him. I do not see why I am to be bothered about those wars in India and Egypt and other horrid affairs. Beatrice has a pet kitten of which we are all of us very fond. I must really get Mr. Tennyson to write a poem about it.

* * *

April 1st.—Brown came in this morning with a large placard on his back, which bore the initials "N. G." When I called his attention to it he was real angry, and said he supposed it was done by the Prime Minister or somebody. I shall ask Mr. Gladstone about it. The cat had a fit this morning, which quite upset us all. The College of Surgeons was in attendance, and said it was meat. Brown says it is likely to die if it had more than a dozen. Dear me!

April 10th.—I sent for Brown, and read him this journal for a year. He sat with closed eyes, nodding his head whenever I came to a favorite passage. He then said that he did not think any distinguished woman had ever written anything like it. I chided Brown for flattery, but he assured me it was honest truth. I will read it to Mr. Gladstone.



HOME RULE.

Brown (looking after one of the city fathers): I TELL YOU WHAT, ROBINSON, I THINK THAT I SHOULD LIKE TO LIVE IN IRELAND.

Robinson: GREAT SCOTT! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

Brown: OH, IT'S THE ONLY PLACE I KNOW OF WHICH IS N'T GOVERNED BY THE IRISH!

April 12th.—Mr. Gladstone called. I read it to him.

April 13th.—Mr. Gladstone is very ill.

April 14th.—I wanted to read nineteen more chapters of my journal to Brown, but he said he really could not think of letting me tire myself. Said he would take the book and read it in his study.

April 15th.—Beatrice and I went out for a walk. Brown accompanied us. We walked up a hill and then we walked down.

* * *

May 2nd.—Brown said this morning that Mr. Gladstone should settle that Egyptian matter at once. I sent for Mr. Gladstone and told him. He said that Brown ought to mind his own business. Poor Brown! I am sure he means well.

May 4th.—We went out for a drive. Brown sat on the high seat in front. After driving awhile we came back.

May 7th.—Mr. Tennyson called. Beatrice showed him the cat, and I suggested the poem. Mr. Tenny-

son changed the subject. I read him some of my journal.

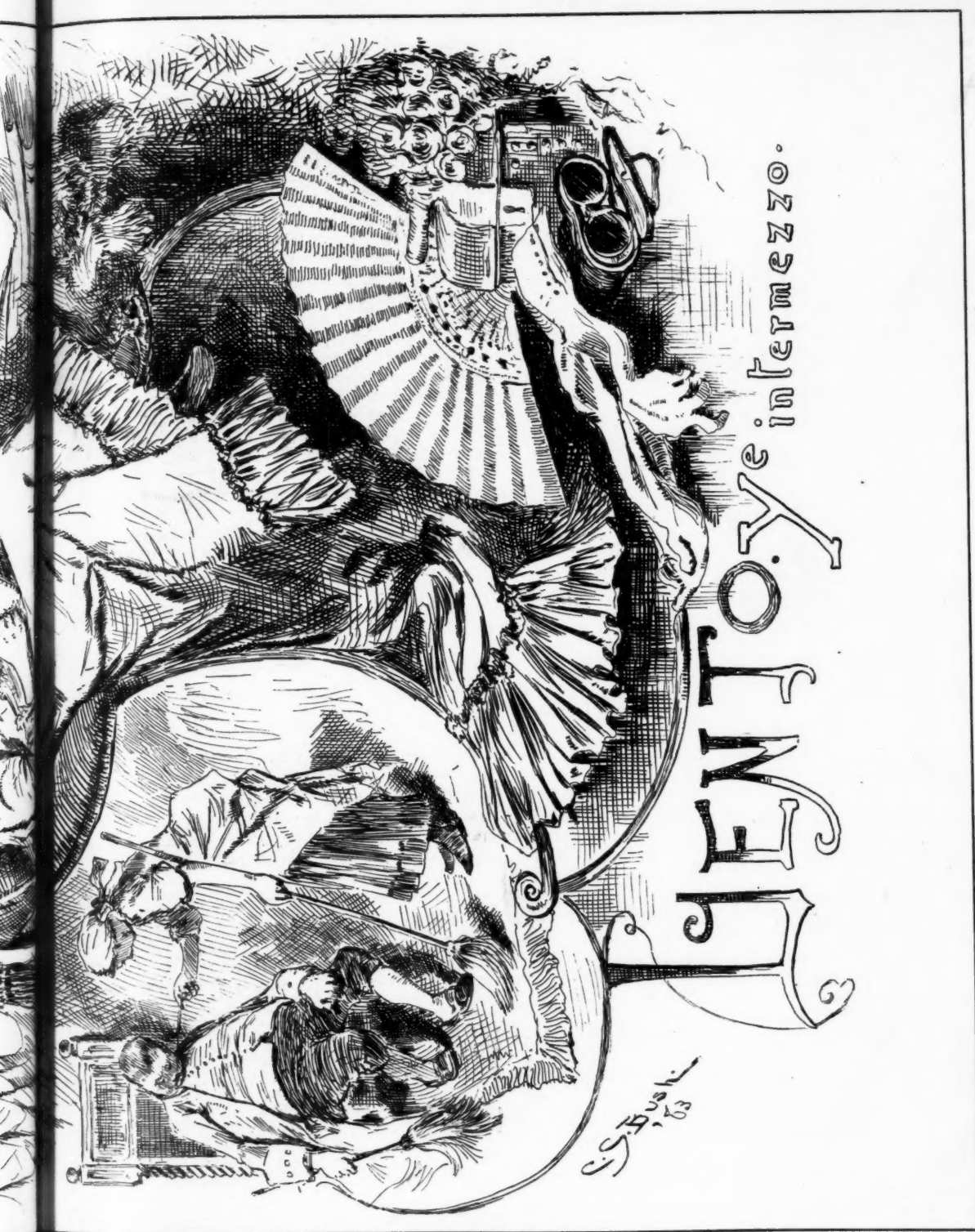
May 8th.—Brown says Mr. Tennyson is quite ill. I wanted to read some of my journal to Brown, but he said it was very enervating for an author to read her own work. I find this literary life indeed wearisome, and I sometimes wonder how Mr. Tennyson stands it. It killed poor Mr. Disraeli. I suppose it will kill me too some day.

May 9th.—I spoke to Brown about publishing the journal. He said if I did it would create a sensation. To know the workings of the sovereign's heart, and see just how much interest she takes in the affairs of the nation, which is so spendthrift in her honor, is a boon for the people. Brown says it will show them just what kind of a ruler they have. Brown is right. I will publish the book.

WITH all the murders committed about New York, it would be strange if somebody does not get the hang of it.

• LIFE •





PERIODICAL PIETY.

BREAKING THE ICE.

I FASTENED the polished steel
On the snug little boot she wore,
As we watched the bold skaters curl and reel
O'er the frozen tide from the shore.
On her head was a fez, and a tippet of fur
Nestled under her dimpled chin;
And we skimmed and we glided
And curved and—collided,
Kersplash! and both tumbled in.

My fairy was fat and fair
And she clung to me like a vise—
A soused and tousled and dripping pair,
How we clutched at the cracking ice!
Her arm squeezed my throat like a hangman's rope,
Her matted hair mopped my face;
At the bottom the ooze
Got into my shoes,
And I longed for a change of base.

They came with a hickory pole
And pickets torn from the fence,
And threw us a rope near our death-trap hole
With a loop in the end immense.
In a trice I had slipped the noose over our heads
And pulled both her chubby arms through;
With a tug and a roar
They towed us ashore,
And we stuck to each other like glue.

I combed the ice out of my hair
And she wrung her petticoats dry,
And all that they did was to ogle and stare,
The men and the boys that stood by.
Erstwhile she'd been timid and shy as a roe,
But now she was ever so nice,
And chatted all day
In her poll-parrot way,
For you see, we had broken the ice!

H. V. S.

Dolce far niente.—Swinging your best girl in a hammock and tickling her nose.

CAR-TOON.—The driver's whistle.

IT IS NOT DE RIGEUR

TO apologize to a man because he has stepped on your favorite toe. Let him speak first and then sail in.

Or to let a lady stop you in the street to talk to you. Invite her to take a drink with you.

Or to stand talking to a friend in the middle of the street, thus impeding pedestrians, but move off to the gutter with him, and sail down the stream with the tide.

Or to sit in a lady's lap in a crowded omnibus without saying "With your kind permission" first.

Or to keep an elderly lady's fare because she happens to be alone in the omnibus with you, but divvy with the driver.

Or to say "I am full" when leaving the dinner table. People will notice it, anyway.

If you're a Miss, get Mrs. printed on your visiting cards as soon as you can.

Or to borrow a friend's wig, but if you do, be sure to return it before he notices that it has been taken.

Or to tell all the truth, when a little of it will do as well, and don't tell a little if you can convey the opposite by saying nothing.

Or to subscribe too much to the Bartholdi Pedestal or some one might call you "patriotic" or "generous."

Or to be late to dinner. You may lose the soup, which is often the best part.

Or to put your feet on the table unless you have on new boots.

Or to eat soup with the handle of your spoon. Do not ask for a second help, but save your appetite for what comes after.

Or to eat with your knife, unless it be a silver one. You may cut your mouth.

Or to remove your false teeth while eating, unless you can do so unobserved.

Or to throw pellets of bread across the table. You are liable to be hit in return.

Or to chew tobacco at the table. It will spoil your appetite.

Or to press food upon a guest. You will lose valuable eating time by so doing.

Or to drink too much wine when it is expensive, unless you are dining away from home.

Or to fee the waiter when dining at a private house. It is always best to be economical.

Or to invite your host or hostess to dinner if you can pay your obligation just as well by a call.

LENT.—The season to make up shortage by borrowing.

A BOSOM friend.—The plaster that sticks.

SOME good man has invented a machine for killing trichinae in sausage. It will be discouraging to the acanthopterygious race, but may restore the *entente cordiale* between the Hon. Mr. Ochiltree and the German Empire.

FROM WALL STREET.

THESE are the bulls with the crumpled horns,
That tossed the little bears all forlorn;
That played with the tickers from night till morn,
And bucked against stocks and shares and corn,
And everything else that ever was sawn;
And wished when they'd done it they'd never been born,
They felt so wan and weary and worn,
Ragged and jagged, and tattered and torn,
Looking for margins all vanished and gawn
Where the woodbine twineth, and prickly thorn
Leaves the dear little lambs so cruelly shorn
Of the fleece so easy to sell or pawn.

THE departure of Irving is wrapped in Miss-Terry.

It is a matter of dispute whether giving a piece of one's mind secures peace of mind.



I.



II.



III.



IV.

WHO WROTE THE BREAD-WINNERS ?

WE acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of the following letters, which limit the question of the authorship of the Bread-winners :

I.

[Letter accompanying Photograph No. 1.]

NEW YORK, March 12.

EDDITER OF LIFE.

DEER SIR : I am 14 yeers of age being took from the sub-freshmen Class where we studded orthigraphfy and Moril philosophfy and was 2 base in our base Ball 9 whot liked the stuffen out of the Hobboken Tearers last sumer but perhaps you dont remember it Becos the Edditer forgot to Put no notice in But we whaled them 27 to Forteen, which was the Best they could do I am Clerkking in a Wholsail Grozery But my Pa says I am of a littery turn and so I write to say I am the auther of the Breadwiners.

Yours afectiontly,

WILLIAM TOMKYNs JR.

Ps. I think that is the title of the book My Pa wont be home from the horspital for a weak being took with shakes, but Ma says she is sure that is the Name.

W. T. JR.

II.

[Letter enclosing Photograph No. 2.]

Jessamine Bower,
Murphy Flats,

New York City, March 13th.

Dear, dear Mr. Editor !

How can I ever begin this note, and what can I say ! You are a total stranger to me and yet—but then, the sweet, sweet bond of literature binds our souls as one and—but what am I saying ! You will see by the enclosed sun-kissed picture of myself what I am. It was taken by particular request of the Sorosis only last week, and Mama says it is perfect. What would Mama say if she knew I had sent it to you or to any gentleman ! But I feel that I must send it. But for worlds do not show it to any one. It would break Mamma's heart, for she always says her little Blossom must not be exposed to the rude, chilling blasts of the world until the sweet spring of her youth buds into summer. Still, the moss rose cannot help exhaling its perfume, and O, I must write you the secret of my heart. I often feel the inspiration to sit down in quiet hours and put down the thoughts which come to me. In one of these quiet hours I thought I would write a novel, and I dashed it off that same week. It has been published, and is called the "Breadwinners." Now, dear Mr. Editor, unless you are forced to, do not betray my secret. If you are obliged to, put in your dear paper a long editorial saying that conclusive evidence has been shown us that this powerful story is the first fruit of the genius of Miss Maria Annabel

Parkyns, who modestly tried to withhold her true name. But do not say that I told you to do it. Please send me a few marked copies of the paper with the editorial—say a hundred, and do put it in your next. I am dying to see it. Mamma has just come in. In haste.

MISS PARKYNS.

P. S.—Do n't tell any one.

ANNABEL.

P. S.—Make the editorial very strong.

A.

P. S.—You might send me 200 copies.

BLOSSOM.

P. S.—That is what Mamma calls me.

B.

P. S.—Do not forget. I shall write to you very soon again.

B.

P. S.—I shall be home all Sunday.

B.

III.

(Letter accompanying Photograph No. 3.)

Mr. Ed. Life :

DR. SIR : I enclose photo I am the orther of the B. Winners which is now running in some magasine I hear from Mr Bill Sawyer wh is my refferance SW cor 3 av near the Eleviated Road. He says if there is any money in it I sh'd get some, as I have had some softnin trouble with my hed and just came off the lland which is hard lines for a poplar riter. If this mater is not settled you will hear from me again

Very rsptfully yrs

THOS JULLYBEE.

IV.

(Letter accompanying Photograph No. 4.)

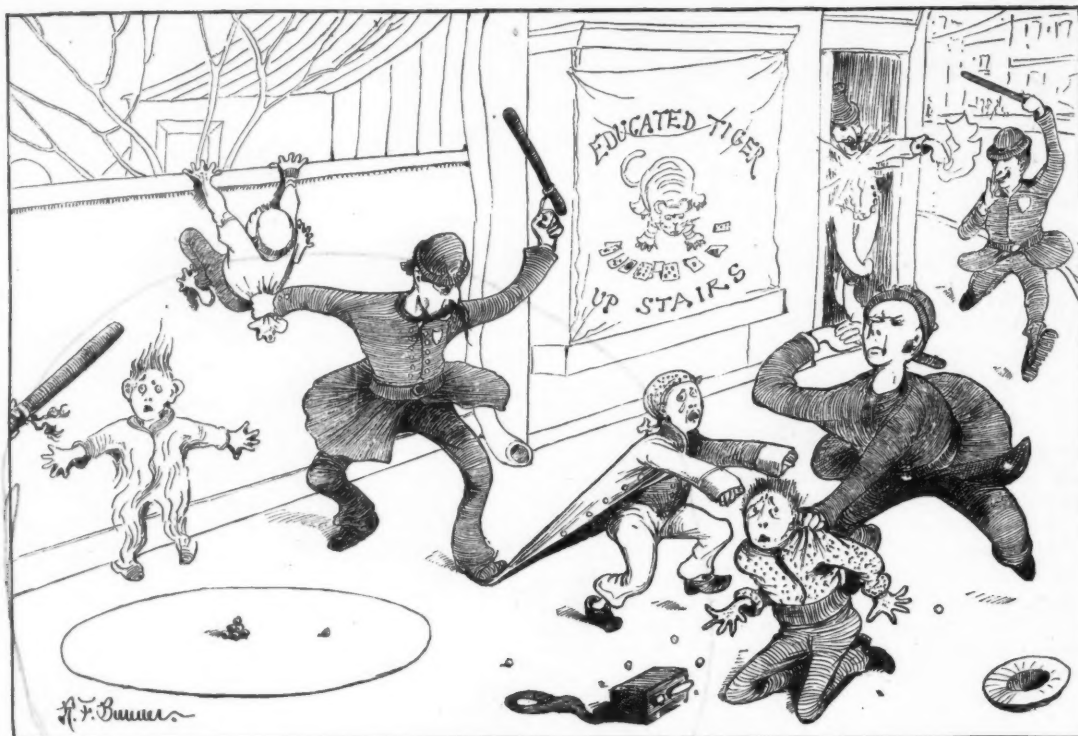
N. YORK, March 12.

MISTER EDDITUR : Me frend Dinnis Gooligan, a nevvy of Pete McSorley writes this fer me ter say that av anny more av thim fellys sez oi rote anny book about the Bread winners oil wipe up de flure wid em. Oi sind a fotty graff of the last man what said oi wrote it. He kin be inwhestigated at belvew.

MIKE DOONY.

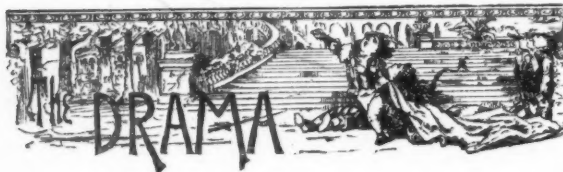


THIS IS THE MAN IN BELLEVUE.



RENEWED ACTIVITY OF "THE FINEST."

THE POLICE SUCCEED IN BREAKING UP ANOTHER GAMBLING ESTABLISHMENT.



THE CIRCUS.

THE circus is upon us once more. We lay our æsthetics aside and glorify Barnum; Barnum the arch-prophet of sawdust and of hippodromic, mastodonic advertising. It is useless to say that the circus is not an *objet de vertu*, or that it does not represent high art. Our fathers have sworn that it is immoral, the enemy of peace and of the Sunday-school; our intellectual friends regard it with disdain. But we have, all the same, our own opinion about the circus. We gaze fondly once a year at the lovely Miss Gazelle in pink tights, balancing herself on the chalked back of a carefully-trained steed; or at the clown who, now-a-days, is good enough not to crack his stale jokes; or at the famous Japanese juggler from Cork; or at the nonchalant young creature who permits herself to be blown gracefully from the mouth of a cannon. When we see these things again, we are thrilled with roseate recollections of our childhood, and we recall our youthful depravity with unmixed satisfaction.

But the old-fashioned circus has disappeared with the old-fashioned clown. The old-fashioned circus was a simple affair. I need not describe it to you, since you know all about it. The old-fashioned clown, a wit and humorist in his manner, a predecessor of the comic journals, has given place to the tumbling buffoon and pantomimist. Yet, oddly enough, the career of Barnum covers nearly the whole career of the American circus, a fact which exhibits the progressive spirit of this incomparable showman. Barnum has never lagged behind his time. There has never been anything too new for him. There are few corners of the earth that he has not ransacked. I am almost convinced now that Barnum is a permanent fixture in this mundane life, and that his imagination is projecting itself at the present moment into the next generation and into an unheard-of world of phenomena.

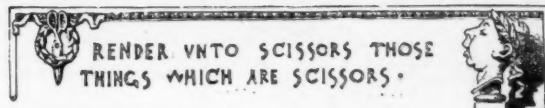
Barnum is not, of course, in active business. His young partners attend to his enterprises and make liberal use of his name and photograph. When you observe the beaming visage of Barnum glowing on you from a brick wall, you are, so to speak, inspired; for you are assured at once that Barnum has made ample preparations for your comfort and entertainment. He may be a humbug; but, although this may sound paradoxical, he is not a deceiver. That is to say, he gives you the worth of your money, and that is more than most persons who are not humbuds do. I have referred to Barnum as a great advertiser. It is hard

to believe that any brain but his own conceived the advertisements which have appeared recently in the daily papers. These advertisements are simply irresistible. They are cannonading by means of the vocabulary, words used with prodigious liberality and destructiveness. Match this, if you can: "Royally and transcendently magnificent opening of the fourth year of the great and mighty compact uniting nine monster shows. Nine monster, massive, and colossal shows in one, and each show increased to astounding proportions." Bigness goes for everything in these advertisements, which are therefore, fairly proportioned to the "greatest show on earth" itself.

The show is certainly arranged with unlimited enterprise. The long and ample Madison Square Garden contains three rings, and a platform for expert roller skaters. Four performances are given simultaneously, which leave a broad margin for individual taste. There is a regiment of clowns—fat and lean, small and full, and one dude. Mr. Barnum could not resist the dude. The baby elephant, Jumbo, is, I feel confident, the most brilliant personage in Mr. Barnum's company. He is a singularly graceful, courteous, and well-bred performer. His most successful rival seems to be a fashionably dressed pig, who is driven in one of the rings by a skillful monkey. However, the performers are not chiefly elephants and pigs. There are many young women in satin and spangles, and there is a fine array of men with startling muscular development.

Well, I have been to the circus, and I am in a mood to hear some one sing "The Old Oaken Bucket," which bucket belonged to the golden era of stolen hours and fragrant sawdust.

G. E. M.



A TIGHT place—a saloon.—*Temperance Advocate.*

ROSEBUD dinner parties are all the rage. The rosebuds make the din, not the dinner.—*Philadelphia Call.*

It is one of the inconsistencies of life that we throw bouquets at the soprano and bootjacks at the tom cat.—*Boston Gazette.*

A GEORGIA paper tells of a daddy who listened for two hours while his daughter and her dudelet occupied one corner of the sofa, and this was the sole conversation: He—"If lovie die, what ud dovie do?" She—"Dovie die, too."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THEY were taking in the art emporium, when little Nell called her mother's attention to a figure of Venus de Milo.

"O, mamma! how I pity that beautiful woman!"

"Why, Nellie?" asked the astonished mother.

"Don't you see, mamma? She's all broken up."—*London Times.*

A LECTURER on the Indians says there are no swear words in the Indian language. They are not necessary. If an Indian can't do justice to his feeling when he kicks a hat with a brick in it by making use of an eight cornered, barbed wire sort of a word found in his own language he deserves to suffer the tortures of the condemned for a space of period.—*Norristown Herald.*

A WRITER in the *London Truth* cries down the wearing by ladies of their hats in public halls, on account of their size. And this recalls to the editor a story of Père Bateman. He had an assertive head of hair that stuck up like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." One day he came into a place of amusement with his hat on. Some one behind him tapped him on the shoulder. "Oblige me, sir, by taking off your hat." Off went Bateman's hat, and up went the hair like a Jack-in-the-box. So there was another tap on the shoulder. "Thank you, sir. Very much obliged. But please, as a personal favor, put your hat on again."

HENRY HOLT & CO., N. Y.,
HAVE READY

**LIFE AND POEMS
OF THEODORE
WINTHROP.**

Edited by His Sister, 12mo, with portrait,
\$1.50

CALLED BACK,

A fascinating novel, by Hugh Conway,
16mo. *Leisure Hour Series*, \$1.00;
Leisure Moment Series, 25 cts.

IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL SERIES.

No. 2.—THE PAGANS.

By ARLO BATES. 16mo, \$1.

THE FINEST
CLOTH OF GOLD
"Straight Mesh" Cigarette
NOW READY.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

Broadway and 11th-st.,

Are now exhibiting their
choicest importations of
Silk, Satin, and Velvet
Novelties, with appropriate
combinations for street and
evening wear.

The demand in our Wholesale Department being so unusually active at present, an early inspection by our Customers at Retail is advised, as it will not be our privilege again this season to present such a large or so beautiful an assortment.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

Broadway and 11th-st.

A DAINY EASTER GIFT.

EASTER FLOWERS.

Exquisite colored plates of Easter Lilies, Trailing Arbutus, Violets, and Pink and White Clover, illustrating

POEMS BY WELL-KNOWN WRITERS, INCLUDING FACSIMILES OF MSS. BY CELIA THAXTER AND H. H.

Covers in burnished silver, with design of Passion-flowers and Snowdrops, fringed in silk fringes, in delicate colors.

Each copy in protector and neat box. Price, \$1 50. Designed by SUSIE B. SKELDING, the designer of "Maple Leaves and Golden-rod," "A Handful of Blossoms," and "Songs of Flowers," uniform in size with "Easter Flowers," at same price.

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GOETHE'S FAUST.

Being the latest addition to W., S. & A.'s line of daintily bound poetical works.

Limp parchment, design in red, . . . \$1 00
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Half calf, new colors, . . . 2 50
Three-calf, new colors, . . . 4 50
Uniform with this in style and price are

FREDERICK LOCKER'S POEMS. GEORGE ELLIOT'S POEMS.
W. M. THACKERAY'S POEMS. THOMAS GRAY'S POEMS.
CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S POEMS. THE SPANISH GYPSY.

Each one vol., 16mo, printed on finest laid paper, wide margins, bound in same styles as "Goethe's Faust," at same price.

For sale by your bookseller, or sent to any address at our expense on receipt of price as above.

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182 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

PARISIAN NOVELTIES

IN

DRESS GOODS

We are just opening a fine assortment of High Class Spring Novelties in Satin Soulé, Bourrettes, Velvet Frisé, Embroidered Nun's Veiling and Drap d'Albatross, together with a large line of Tweed Suitings suitable for Tailor-made Garments, &c.

Broadway & 19th St.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address, **C.F. GUNTHER, Confectioner.**
78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

GEORGE MATHER'S SONS, PRINTING INK,

60 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

This paper is printed with our cut ink.

HOTELS.

PARKER HOUSE

EUROPEAN PLAN.

HARVEY D. PARKER & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

HARVEY D. PARKER. JOSEPH H. BECKMAN.
EDWARD O. PUNCHARD.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Common Sense" Lunch Room,

135 BROADWAY (cor. Cedar St.),
JAMES P. WHEDON, Manager.

THE breeches of promise, young man, are the ones you have n't paid for yet.—*Hawkeye.*

IT is rumored that Bob Ingersoll, on inquiring at the hotel desk as to whether they had a fire-escape, was furnished with a revised edition.—*N. Y. Observer.*

"CAN a mule driver be a Christian?" is a recent conundrum. He might if he tried very hard, but he would have to give up driving mules.—*Philadelphia Call.*

LEADVILLE claims that chronic disease is unknown in that vicinity. The fact is people do n't live long enough there to die of chronic diseases.—*London Lancet.*

IT may be interesting for mothers with marriageable daughters to know that the oldest and largest match-making factory in the world is in Sweden.—*Scientific American.*

"Two hours to the next train out!" ejaculated the man who had got left. "How in thunder shall I be able to kill the time until then?" But he readily accomplished this by entering a barber-shop and waiting his turn to be shaved.—*Lovell Citizen.*

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"I SHOULD be glad to hear you sing some day," remarked a gentleman to a young lady who was studying music. "I shall be delighted. I have the song with me now, and will sing it for you." "What song?" "Why, 'Some Day'." "Ah! yes. I meant some other day when I shall have more leisure."—*Musical Record.*

"I REGRET to inform you," said a railroad superintendent to one of the conductors of the line, "that after the first of the month all salaries will be reduced ten per cent." "Ah, indeed," replied the conductor indifferently, "and will your salary be subjected to the same reduction?" "Certainly." "Well, I feel sorry for the engineers and brakemen, poor fellows, but you and I—we can stand it, eh! old boy?" and the light-hearted puncher of tickets poked the superintendent playfully in the ribs.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

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DALY'S THEATRE. BROADWAY AND 30th ST.
Under the management of Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY.
Orchestra, \$1.50; Dress Circle, \$1; Second Balcony, 50c.
Every night 8:15; over 10:40; Matinees begin at 2.

The
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Every night at 8:15.
Matinee Saturday at 2.
In preparation, an entirely new fanciful comedy.

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The World's Grandest Harbinger of Everything Good.
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P. T. BARNUM'S

Greatest Show on Earth, perpetually united with the GREAT LONDON CIRCUS and SANGER'S ROYAL BRITISH MENAGERIES, MONDAY AFTERNOON, March 10, at 2 P. M. Nine Monster Shows in one Mighty Entree.
3 Three Circus Companies in Three Big Rings.
2 Mammoth Menageries—Wild and Trained Animals.
1 Huge Elevated Stage for Technical Performances.
1 Magnificent Roman Hippodrome.
1 Enormous Museum of Living Curiosities.
1 Immense Ethnological Congress of Savage Tribes.

9 MAMMOTH ELEPHANTS WEIGHING 300 TONS.

JUMBO.

Two Baby Elephants with their Parents. Everything of value or splendor that millions of money could buy or progressive ideas conceive of. \$400,000 additional expended for New Features.

Delighting, Entrancing and Charming Everybody.
Admission, 50 cents (4th avenue side); children, 25 cents.
Reserved seats, \$1. Boxes, seating six, \$12. Single seats in boxes, \$2 each.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

SHOOK & COLLIER.....Proprietors

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S

Most successful American play.

SEPARATION.

NOW IN ITS SIXTH WEEK.

Presented with an unrivalled cast.

Every Evening at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

Fountain Pens, & Lead Pencils.



"MACKINNON,"

Has a world-wide reputation. The only strictly first-class Stylus Pen made. The only one having an IRIDIUM POINT (without which the cheaper pens wear out in a few weeks' use).

Prices, \$4.00 and upward.

THE
"UNION"

Contains either a FOUNTAGRAPH or MACKINNON at one end of a handsome holder and a Lead Pencil at the other. PRICES, \$1.50, UPWARD.

The A. S. French Co., M'rs, New York and London.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 199 BROADWAY, GROUND FLOOR (WESTERN UNION TEL. BUILDING).
Call and try or send for List. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

"FOUNTOGRAPH"

An ordinary Gold Pen in very simple Fountain Holder.

ALWAYS WRITES,
NEVER CLOGS.

Ink lasts Ten Days, Pen Ten Years.

Prices, \$3.00 to \$10.00.

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From Am. Journal of Medicine.
 Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address
 Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 94 John St., New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY in MEN quickly cured FRENCH HOSPITAL METHOD. New to America. Official Remedial Agency, 180 Fulton St., New York.

"THE BREAD WINNERS."

Jones—"I notice that the author of the "Bread Winners" intimates that he is a mechanic and a master of his trade. Wonder what he can be?"

Smith—"As it must be some trade which highly cultivates the imaginative faculties, he must be a plumber."

Jones—"Why, where does a plumber find exercise for his imagination?"

Smith—"In making out bills."—*Philadelphia Call.*

TOOK IT IN CRACKERS.

A COLORED man with his right foot bound up with numerous rags and cloths yesterday entered a grocery on Woodward avenue and asked for a cash contribution of twenty-five cents towards the erection of a new colored people's church edifice.

"Where is it to be located?" asked the grocer.

"Wall, that has n't bin dun decided on yet."

"What is it to cost?"

"Haint figured on dat, sah."

"Who is the pastor?"

"Dun forgit, but I reckon we kin find one."

"Who is the head man in this enterprise?"

"De head man! Wall, Ize 'bout de head man, I reckon."

"I am not satisfied with your explanations," said the grocer. "How can I be certain that you won't appropriate the money to your own purposes?"

"Am dat what boddors you?"

"I confess it is."

"Well, sah, we kin git ober dat purty easy. Instead of making a cash contribution just weigh me out two pounds of crackers wid instrukshuns to turn 'em ober to de Buildin' Committee. Ize cheerman ob dat committee if I ain't nobody else!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

(FROM "TIT-BITS.")

"MR. JONES," said little Johnny to that gentleman, who was making an afternoon call, "can whisky talk?" "No, my child; however can you ask such a question?" "Oh! nothing; only ma said whisky was beginning to tell on you."

MEXICAN editors do not care about an extended circulation. The fewer subscribers they have the fewer times they are shot at.

WHEN George III. was told that General Wolfe was quite unfit to command, and was, in fact, a madman, the monarch replied, "M—mad—mad! Wolfe mad! Wish he'd bite some of the other generals!"

A NEW way of collecting bad debts was most effectively tried a few weeks ago in the Rue de la Seine, in Paris, before the lodgings of a somewhat dissipated student. A man was observed walking up and down before the house, having upon his back a large placard with the words, "Monsieur C—owes me for thirty bottles of *vin rouge*; I am waiting until he pays for them." He did not wait very long.

BILLIARDS.

The Collender Billiard and Pool Tables



have received the first premiums, the latest Triumphs being the Grand Medal—the highest premium over all nations—awarded to the Collender Billiard Tables, and Combination Cushions, Balls, Cues, &c., at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. At the Centennial Commission, Philadelphia, in 1876, the combination cushions were reported the only ones scientifically correct in the angles of incidence and reflection. New and second-hand billiard tables, in all designs, at the lowest prices.

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Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., N. Y.

No one can furnish

"OLD CROW" RYE
SOUR-MASH WHISKEY

unless purchased from us. We have taken every barrel made since January, 1872.

We have also HERMIT-AGE three to seven years old, all sold absolutely pure, uncolored, unsweetened.

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, DR. T. A. BLOOM, 161 Pearl St., N. Y.

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HAUTERIVE } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys, AND CELESTINS } &c., &c.

GRANDE GRILLE—Diseases of the Liver.

HOPITAL—Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

CHILDS' CATARRH
 Treatment For

And Diseases of the HEAD, THROAT & LUNGS! Can be taken at home. No case incurable when our questions are properly answered. Write for circulars, testimonials, etc. REV. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

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It is a standard remedy with all physicians who treat mental or nervous disorders. It strengthens the intellect, restores lost energy, develops good teeth, glossy hair, clear skin, handsome nails in the young, so that they may be an inheritance in later years. It amplifies bodily and mental power to the present generation, and proves "the survival of the fittest" to the next. Brain Workers need Brain Food.

For sale by Druggists, or mail \$1 to F. Crosby Co., 666 Sixth Avenue, New York.

MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS

For Dyspepsia, Headache, Bad
Breath, Sour Stomach.

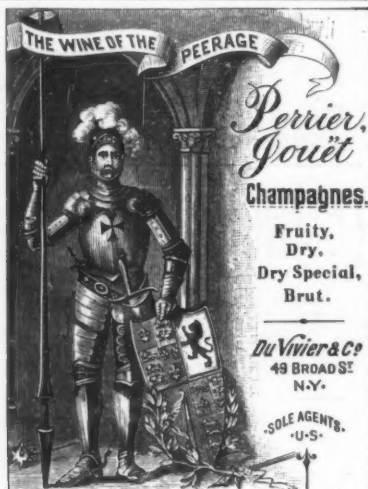
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In producing a real sea bath at home send for circular.

A. J. DITMAN,

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Gouët**
Champagnes.

Fruity,
Dry,
Dry Special,
Brut.

Du Vivier & Co.
49 BROAD ST.
N.Y.

SOLE AGENTS.
U.S.



"See What Cuticura Does for Me!"

INFANTILE and Birth Humors, Milk Crust, Scalled Head, Eczemas, and every form of Itching, Scaly, Pimples, Scrofulous and Inherited Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Absolutely pure and safe. Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, 50 cts.; Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and only Medicinal Baby Soap, 25 cts., and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, \$1, are sold by druggists. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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ARTISTS.

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1876.

HIGHEST AWARD MONTREAL
1881 and 1882.

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HARTSHORN'S ROLLERS

And I will never sell any
but HARTSHORN'S!

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Close Figures given on Large Contracts.

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